That were his Lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word; O, hee is as tedious
As a tyred Horſe, a rayling Wife,
Worſe then a ſmokie Houſe. I had rather liue
With Cheeſe and Garlike in a Windmill farre,
Then feed on cates, and haue him talke to mee,
In any Summer-houſe in Chriſtendome.

Mor. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In ſtrange concealements, valiant as a Lyon,
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull
As Mines of *India*: ſhall I tell you, Couſin,
Hee holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And cubs himſelfe, euen of his naturall ſcope,
When you come croſſe his humor, faith hee does
I warrant you, that man is not aliue,
Might ſo haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproofe:
But doe not vſe it oft, let mee intreat you.

Mor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And ſince your comming hither, haue done enough
To put him quite beſides his patience.
You muſt needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault,
Though ſometimes it ſhew greatneſſe, courage, blood,
And thats the deareſt grace it renders you:
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of manners, want of Gouernement,
Pride, hautineſſe, opinion, and diſdaine;
The leaſt of which haunting a Nobleman,
Loſeth mens hearts, and leaues behind a ſtaine
Vpon the beautie of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am ſchoold, Good-manners by your ſpeed,
Heere come our wiues, and let vs take our leaues.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My Wife can ſpeake no *Engliſh*, I no *Welſh*.

Glen. My Daughter weepes, ſheele not part with you,

Sheele

Sheele be a ſouldier too, ſheele to the warres.

Mor. Good father, tell her, that ſhee, and
Shall follow in your conduct ſpeedily.

Glendower ſpeakes to her in Welſh, and ſhee him in the ſame.

Glen. She is deſperate heere.
A peeuiſh ſelfe-wil'd harlotry, one that no perſ
good vpon.

The Lady ſpeakes in Welſh.

Mor. I vnderſtand thy lookes, that prety W
Which thou powreſt downe from theſe ſwelling
I am too perfect in, and but for ſhame,
In ſuch a parley I anſwere thee.

The Lady againe in Welſh.

Mor. I vnderſtand thy kiſſes, and thou mine
And thats a feeling diſputation:
But I will neuer bee a truant, loue,
Till I haue learn'd thy language, for thy tongue
Makes *Welſh* as ſweete as ditties highly pend,
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers bower,
With rauiſhing diuiſion to her lute.

Glen. Nay, if thou melt, then will ſhee runne
The Lady ſpeakes againe in Welſh.

Mor. O, I am ignorance it ſelfe in this.

Glen. She bids you on the wanton ruſhes lay yo
And reſt your gentle head vpon her lap,
And ſhee will ſing the ſong that pleaſeth you,
And on your eyelids crowne the god of ſleepe,
Charming your blood with pleaſing heauineſſe,
Making ſuch difference betwixt wake and ſleepe
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The houre before the heauenly harneſt teeme
Begins his golden progreſſe in the Eaſt.

Mor. With all my heart Ile ſit and heare her ſi
By that time will our Booke I thinke bee drawne

Glen. Do ſo: and thoſe Muſicians that ſhall p
Hang in the ayre a thouſand Leagues from thenc
And ſtraight they ſhall bee here, ſit and attend.